FREE SPEECH IN AMERICA, BY ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"THE DON FLOWS HOME TO THE SEA"
By Mikhail Sholokhov
Reviewed by Manya Gordon

"LOOKING FOR TROUBLE"
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Reviewed by Oliver Larkin

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Sovfoto

MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV's "realism is unquestionable."
(See page 5)

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By JOHN MASEFIELD

Reminiscences of his experiences as a worker in a Yonkers (N. Y.) carpet factory.

IN THE MILL

"Sometimes the story-teller's story of himself is more interesting and valuable than the finished products of the craft he works in. This fragment of autobiography, covering two years Masefield worked in America, is a quietly honest book and and gets a lot said. The man makes a lot of sense and his book is an interesting chapter in his progress toward such a state."—*The New Republic.* $2.00

By KYLIE TENNANT

An Australian "Grapes of Wrath"! The story of the great migrant-worker army.

THE BATTLERS

"I read it with intense pleasure and mounting admiration for her talent. Miss Tennant is one of the most vigorous of the younger Australian writers. Her knowledge of her subjects is unrivalled and her capacity to produce full-bodied, vital characters is extraordinary. She writes in the great Australian tradition of creative protest and it is thus inevitable that 'The Battlers' should suggest 'The Grapes of Wrath' ".—*C. Hartley Grattan.* $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Free Speech in America

ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

My God, there is need today of people who can say straight things in a straight way, and not all coated over with sugar.—An Englishwoman's letter written in January 1941 between air-raids.

SPEECH should be fruitful as well as free. Our experience introduces this qualification into the classical argument of Milton and John Stuart Mill: that only through open discussion is truth discovered and spread. In their simpler times, they thought it enough to remove legal obstacles, like the censorship and sedition prosecutions. Mill assumed that if men were only left alone, their reasoning powers would eventually impel them to choose the best ideas and the wisest course of action. To us this policy is too exclusively negative. For example, what is the use of telling an unpopular speaker that he will incur no criminal penalties by his proposed address, so long as every hall owner in the city declines to rent him space for his meeting, and there are no vacant lots available? There should be municipal auditoriums, schoolhouses out of school hours, church forums, parks in summer, all open to thresh out every question of public importance, with just as few restrictions as possible; for otherwise the subjects that most need to be discussed will be the very subjects that will be ruled out as unsuitable for discussion.

We must do more than remove the discouragements to open discussion. We must exert ourselves to supply active encouragements.

Physical space and lack of interference alone will not make discussion fruitful. We must take affirmative steps to improve the methods by which discussion is carried on. Of late years the argument of Milton and Mill has been questioned, because truth does not seem to emerge from controversy in the automatic way their logic would lead us to expect. For one thing, reason is less praised nowadays than a century ago; instead, emotions conscious and unconscious are commonly

Is it any longer possible to discover truth amid the clashing blares of advertisements, loud speakers, gigantic billboards, party programs, propaganda of a hundred kinds? To sift the truth from all these half-truths seems to demand a statistical investigation beyond the limits of anybody's time and money. So some modern thinkers despairingly conclude that the great mass of voters cannot be trusted to detect the fallacies in emotional arguments by communists and others, and hence must be prevented from hearing them. Even the intellectuals do not seem to do much better in reaching Truth by conflicting arguments. For example, take controversies between professors. They talk and talk, and at the end, each sticks to his initial position. On which side does Truth stand? We still do not know. Then, too, the emergencies seem greater and more pressing than of yore. We are less willing to await the outcome of prolonged verbal contests. Perhaps Truth will win in the long run; but in the long run, as Walter Lippmann says, said to dominate the conduct of men.

—Drawing by Reginald Marsh, from "Eyes on the World."

we shall all be dead—and perhaps not peacefully in our beds. Debating is only fiddling while Rome burns. Away with all this talk; let's have action—now.

Nevertheless, the main argument of Milton and Mill still holds good. All that this disappointment means is that friction is a much bigger drag on the progress of Truth than they supposed. Efforts to lessen that friction are essential to the success of freedom of speech. It is a problem, not for law, but for education in the wide sense, that includes much more than schools and youngsters. The conflict of oral evidence and arguments can be made increasingly profitable by wise improvements in technique. Anybody who has attended a forum knows how much depends on an able chairman and on sensible rules enforced by him. Journalists and other writers value accuracy of facts far more than formerly—we can expect even more from them in the future. None of us can get rid of our emotions, but we can learn to drive them in harness. As for blazing propaganda on both sides, young Americans can be trained to keep alive the gumption which comes down to us from Colonial farmers; this will make them distrust all men who conceal greed or a lust for power behind any flag, whether red or red-white-and-blue.

REASON is more imperfect than we used to believe. Yet it remains the best guide we have, better than our emotions, better even than patriotism, better than any single human guide, however exalted his position.

A second point deserves renewed emphasis. The effect of suppression extends far beyond the agitators actually put in jail, far beyond the pamphlets physically destroyed. A favorite argument against free speech is that the men who are thus conspicuously silenced had little to say that was worth hearing. Concede for the moment that the public would suffer no serious loss if every communist leaflet were burned,

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or if some prominent pacifist were imprisoned for discouraging drafted men by talk about plowing under every fourth boy, as perhaps he might be under the loose language of the unprecedented federal sedition law passed last year. Even so, my contention is that those pertinacious orators and writers who are hauled up are merely extremist spokesmen for a mass of more thoughtful and more retiring men and women, who share in varying degrees the same critical attitude toward prevailing policies and institutions. When you put the hotheads in jail, these cooler people do not get arrested—they just keep quiet. And so we lose much they could tell us, which would be advantageous for the future course of the nation. Once the prosecutions begin, then the hush-hush begins too. Discussion becomes one-sided and artificial. Questions that need to be threshed out do not get threshed out.

The evils of such a policy of suppression are especially acute during a national emergency like the World War or the present rapid development of national defense. Because of the 1956 prosecutions brought under the Espionage Act of the World War, tens of thousands among those "forward-looking men and women" to whom President Wilson had appealed in earlier years were bewildered and depressed and silenced by the negation of freedom in the twenty-year sentences requested by his legal subordinates from complacent judges. So we had plenty of patriotism and very little criticism, except of the slowness of munition production. Wrong courses were followed, like the despatch of troops to Archangel in 1918, which fatally alienated Russia from Wilson's aims for a peaceful Europe; harmful facts like the secret treaties were concealed while they could have been cured, only to bob up later and wreck everything. What was equally disastrous, justifiable positions, like our support of the League of Nations before the armistice, were adopted merely because the President favored them; then, because they had no depth and had never been hardened by the hammerblows of open discussions, those positions collapsed as soon as the excitement was over. And so when we attained military victory, we did not know what to do with it. No well-informed public opinion existed to carry through Wilson's war aims for a new world order, which would make the recurrence of disaster impossible.

In 1941 the same problem confronts us, only it is infinitely more difficult. The task of today is to produce airplanes, guns, and battleships. The task of tomorrow is to throw out the half-crazed ruler who threatens to destroy a civilization painfully built up since Marathon. The task of the day after tomorrow is to rebuild that civilization far more solidly than was done in 1919.

It is this task of the day after tomorrow which most requires free flow of discussion. Suppose Hitler is gone, what then? What is to be done with the Germans? Are they to be exterminated, or split into little duchies like Weimar and Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, or made equal partners in an association of free peoples? Who is to rule Italy in place of Mussolini? How about totalitarian Russia? Are Czechoslovakia and Poland to be set up again? It is going to be ever so much harder to answer these questions than it was to write the Treaty of Versailles. In 1919, there was some chance of sorting out the odd pieces and making a go of it. After all, the League came very near success. If Stresemann had lived a few years longer, if Hindenburg had died a few years sooner, if there had been no Ruhr invasion and resultant inflation to ruin the German middle class, it might have worked. But in 1942 there will be no old pieces. New materials will have to be laboriously fashioned.

In this tremendous task of the day after tomorrow, the United States will be forced to take a major share. We cannot afford to turn away from it in disgust, as in 1920, and let Europe plunge eventually into a third and still more frightful disaster by 1960. The Atlantic will then be more easily crossed by bombers than the English Channel is now. The American arsenal of munitions will be the first objective of the enemy. In short, so long as we permit Europe to be divided into competing armed groups, we shall inevitably be obliged to save the British Empire every twenty years, at increasing cost to ourselves in money and blood. Adequate national defense under such conditions will absorb most of the national life.

If we are to use the opportunity of Hitler's collapse to prevent such recurring calamities, a great many people must be thinking constantly and talking and writing about this day after tomorrow. Nobody in America or in Europe has yet given it anywhere near the thought which Wilson gave it before we entered the World War. These gigantic problems will remain unsolved unless we insist on surrounding our busy factories and navy yards and camps with a steady atmosphere of free, temperate, and enlightened discussion, which shall gradually shape the terms of a lasting peace, without which victory will be only a little better than defeat.

The Supreme Court, though much

(*Continued on page* 16)

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The Realism of Mikhail Sholokhov

THE DON FLOWS HOME TO THE SEA. By Mikhail Sholokhov. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 770 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

SHOLOKHOV'S historical novel returns to the period of the Russian civil war, 1918-20, which he described in "And Quiet Flows the Don." The strife between the Bolsheviks and the Don Cossacks is depicted in battle scenes and minor skirmishes. The book's 770 pages are studded with people who appear and vanish before the reader has had time to learn their names.

It is a novel without a hero. Gregor Melekhov and his family, around whom the action is built, is not really outstanding. He fights hard in the ranks of his own Cossacks against the Bolsheviks and becomes a commander, but is scarcely ever pleased with the activities of his comrades. Later he voluntarily joins the Bolshevik forces and tries in every way to do his duty, despite his basic aversion for the Cheka and all its deeds. At the conclusion of the civil war Gregor returns to his village prepared to accept the Soviet regime and resume his duties as a farmer. But in his own home he encounters the suspicion and hostility of his brother-in-law, Mishka Koshevoi, who fought in the Bolshevik ranks and is now the chairman of the village soviet.

Gregor is warned by his sister of his approaching arrest and is compelled to leave his orphaned children and the woman he loves and take to the road again, this time as an outlaw. He is captured by an anti-Soviet band and participates unwillingly in attacks on the Red Army. His activities, like those of the Bolsheviks, move on a middle level. Nothing is over-stressed. There are no climaxes. The obvious effort at complete objectivity slackens the emotional pace of the novel. People are slaughtered for no particular reason. It is the record of a civil war without an iota of the revolutionary spirit. One looks in vain for the name of one outstanding Bolshevik, or any kind of social program.

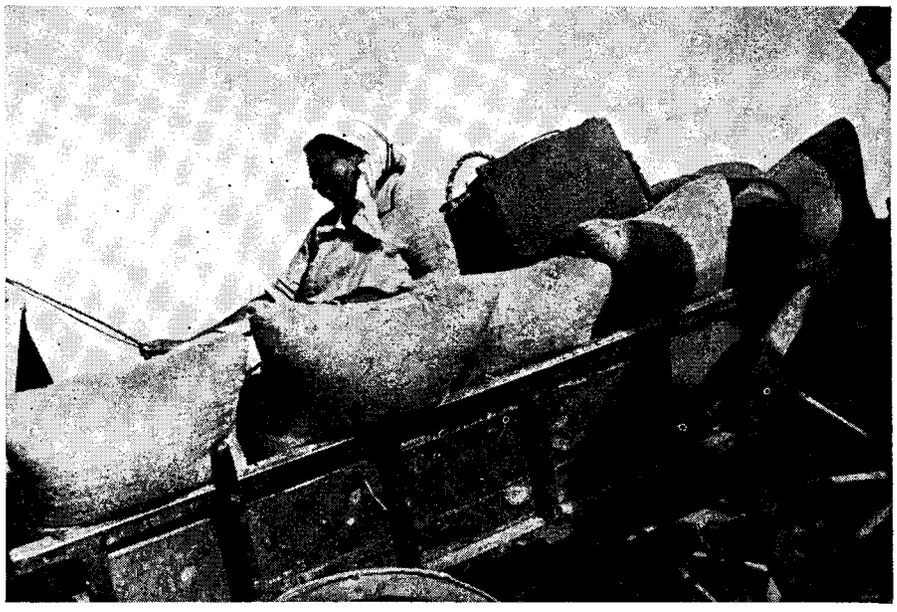
The human stream in Sholokhov's Don is thus very shallow. It does not carry a single person or idea worth remembering. And yet, oddly enough, its realism is unquestionable. The interminable bloody encounters do convey a sense of actuality and the numerous people who participate in the struggle are undeniably genuine. But the whole performance is in a minor key.

One feels the restraint of the author and his effort to avoid entangling issues. He does not, however, for a moment forget his objective. This is not the creation of character or the discussion of Bolshevik dogma, but to make civil war hateful. This sole purpose is carried out with infinite patience. Every battle, every skirmish is described in all its gruesome detail. Nothing is left to the imagination. It is a propaganda novel which does not try to sell Communism to the Soviet people, but drives home the horror and futility of civil strife. This accounts for Sholokhov's seeming impartiality.

It likewise explains the suppression of some of the most outstanding characteristics of the Don Cossacks and the constant emphasis upon their illiteracy. As a matter of fact the Don Cossacks were reactionary but far from illiterate. As far back as 1901, according to the celebrated revolutionist, Peter Kropotkin, "they had beyond comparison the greater number of the best schools, primary and secondary, for boys and girls" because the territory of the Don Cossacks was under the direct jurisdiction of the Ministry of War and not of the Ministry of Public Instruction. But whatever the reason it seems curious that in this long narrative there appears not one Cossack who knows his letters.

Similarly, misrepresentation is reflected in the picture of the people. The Don Cossacks were a well-disciplined race of martial bearing and powerful characteristics. They were excellent farmers as well as fighters. On their own territory they enjoyed considerable autonomy, although they were always ready to do the bidding of the autocracy suppressing strikes and peasant uprisings. Barring their obedience to the ataman or headman, they were dogged individualists and knew their own mind and power.

Civil war among these people could not have been the undisciplined and mutual extermination described in "The Don Flows Home to the Sea."



—From "The Land without Unemployment."

The struggle was indescribably bloody and tragic, but it was not lacking in idealism and purpose. The Don struggle was a part of the national effort against the Bolshevik usurpation of power, and embodied all the virtues and defects of humanity. It was a struggle for individual freedom, and for democracy.

The Blitz and a Book

Perhaps no book published in England has been so thoroughly blitzed in all its parts as the pamphlet, "The English at War," which Secker & Warburg brought out in June. Of the first edition of ten thousand copies, half was sold within a few days, but the other half was destroyed by the bombs before it could be moved from the printers to the binders. Not content with this, however, the Nazis proceeded to destroy reserve stocks of paper on which new editions would have been printed, the blocks for the illustrations, the cover and the paper for the cover, and, at the printers, the standing type and all facilities for printing the book.

Despite this, Secker & Warburg, undiscouraged, succeeded in getting a new edition of ten thousand copies on the market again in less than three weeks from publication date.

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...And She Found It

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE. By Virginia Cowles. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1941. 447 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

WHEN Virginia Cowles persuaded the Hearst Newspapers to let her write "mailers" for them from the Spanish Civil War in 1937, she already had been around the world once, but still was a pretty naive young lady. Her captivating journalistic memoirs—"Looking for Trouble"—reveal that Virginia's unaffected naturalness has not been disturbed very much, but four years of widespread dealings with power politics and the senseless brutalities of warfare certainly have made her "one of the boys."

This American socialite didn't exactly go "looking for trouble" but she found it in large quantities—from the Arctic to the Mediterranean; from the Baltic to the Black Sea—and reported contemporary history so competently as to become one of the outstanding foreign correspondents of our day—better known in England than in America, because her dispatches were written chiefly for the *Sunday Times* of London.

Virginia Cowles was able to *hear* more than most journalists, because of her astonishingly wide acquaintanceship in high places—particularly British.

You find her dining with Chamberlain, whom she pitied, and week-ending with Churchill, whom she admirers. She calls other cabinet ministers, ambassadors, and military attaches by their first names and is a confidante of their wives. She evaded "passes" made by Balbo in Libya and sunbathed on Italian beaches with Ciano and Alfiero. She was on intimate terms with Unity Mitford, who gave her inside dope about Hitler.

According to Unity, "Hitler had a sense of humor and liked company. He was a man who seldom read, but when he was at Berchtesgaden spent a good time drawing up architectural plans for new housing settlements." (Territorially extensive, one might remark.) "But what he really likes," Unity said, "is excitement. Otherwise he gets bored." And, Unity added, "He says it's very exciting to have the whole world trembling before him. He needs the excitement as other people need food and drink." (As the world doesn't seem to be doing much trembling these days, Hitler must be rather hungry and thirsty.) Unity also revealed that Hitler likes scandalous gossip and "if he were not the Führer of Germany, he would make a hundred thousand dollars a year on the vaudeville stage" as an imitator. Besides Goering, Goebbels, Himmler, and Mussolini, "sometimes he even imitates himself."

Virginia Cowles quotes Chamberlain as telling her that "unless the French find some new and vigorous leaders *at once,* they are finished as a first class power." This was after "Daladier and Bonnet flatly announced that France wouldn't fight for Czechoslovakia."

After the collapse of France, Pierre Laval confided in Virginia: "I don't think France is Germany's primary object. I think her *real* aim is Soviet Russia." Being so close to Germany, Laval was in a position to know.

"Looking for Trouble" certainly integrates events and personalities into a compact picture which is as absorbing as it is worthwhile—absorbing because it vividly depicts a courageous American newspaper women struggling for her stories in the flaming vortex of war; worthwhile because it reveals clearly the history-making things she saw and heard as one nation after another died.

And when you lay down this volume you rather wonder if Virginia wasn't doing a spot of work on the side for the British Foreign Office. If not, then Whitehall overlooked a very good bet.

Virginia Cowles

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

10 SHORT STORY OPENINGS

Here are the opening lines of ten famous short stories. How many of them do you recognize? Allowing five points for each story you can name, and another five if you can also name its author, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 17.

1. East is East, and West is San Francisco, according to Californians. . . .

2. Midge Kelly scored his first knockout when he was seventeen. The knockee was his brother Connie, three years his junior and a cripple. . . .

3. In the very olden time, there lived a semi-barbaric king, whose ideas, though somewhat polished and sharpened by the progressiveness of his distant Latin neighbors, were still large, florid, and untrammeled, as became the half of him which was barbaric. . . .

4. Dennis de Beaulieu was not yet two and twenty, but he counted himself a grown man, and a very accomplished cavalier into the bargain. . . .

5. Mrs. Ballinger is one of the ladies who pursue Culture in bands, as though it were dangerous to meet alone. . . .

6. "My aunt will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel," said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen; "in the meantime you must try and put up with me."

7. True! nervous, very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why *will* you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses, not destroyed, not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. . . .

8. On all the roads about Goderville the peasants and their wives were coming toward the town, for it was market day. The men walked at an easy gait, the whole body thrown forward at every movement of their long, crooked legs, mis-shapen by hard work. . . .

9. In compliance with the request of a good friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. . . .

10. To Sherlock Holmes, she is always *the* woman. . . .

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Of Mississippi Folk

MEN WORKING. By John Faulkner. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1941. 300 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM JAY GOLD

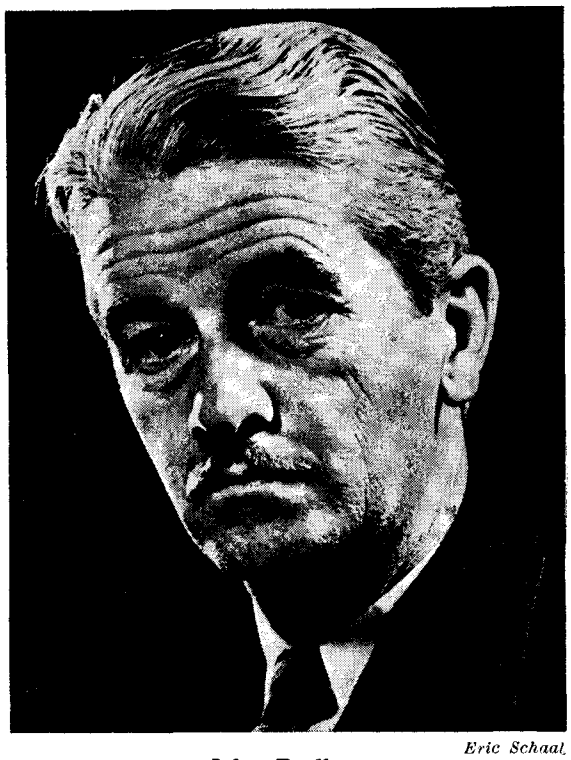
THE publication of "Men Working" marks the literary debut of John Faulkner, who has an older brother named William who is also an author. The book can best be described as a comic folk epic in the manner of "Tobacco Road," which it calls to mind immediately. Its setting is Mississippi, where the tenant farmers found the promise of regular wages on what they called "the WP and A" enough to pull them away from the moneyless drudgery of the land.

When Paw got his "Four Oh Two" slip telling him to report for work, the Taylors simply loaded their few sticks of furniture onto a hired truck and drove into the city to look for a house to live in, even if it happened to be Sunday night. Besides Hub, who was old enough to help with the family affairs, there were eight children. And Maw, of course. And Reno, an idiot son born before Paw and Maw were married, and to whom they complacently referred to as "our monstrous cur'osity."

They found a house in which six or seven other families lived, one to a room, and like themselves, all farmers come into town to adventures on the WPA. Possessed of practically nothing save monumental patience and equanimity, the Taylors scrape out meager existences on Paw's tiny checks, eating the same scrimpy kind of food as always, buying a "raddio" on time and taking it easy. Virginia gets married suddenly, McKinley and Buddy and Reno get sick, the WPA's appropriation is cut and they have to live on direct relief, they get evicted, not once but several times.

There are only three members of the family alive enough to want something beyond what they have: crippled Buddy, who wants paper and "colors" so that he can draw; Virginia, who has brief dreams of a life devoted to the pleasures of the flesh; and Hub, who cares for them all, buying materials for Buddy's drawings, dragging Virginia home from jook joints, and seeing to it that Reno isn't allowed to injure himself. The rest, although they scratch their heads over the incomprehensible notions of townspeople about sanitation, morals, and living standards, and even hesitantly try to understand, unexcitedly accept everything that comes their way, good or bad, with a minimum of emotion.

The tone of "Men Working" is deliberately flat and matter-of-fact, almost a monotone of calm, objective narrative, highlighted at times by a kind of "voice of the city" commenting on the more ludicrous of the Taylors's doings. For a first novel, the book is unusually sure-footed and direct, rich in its characters and their talk and a detailed knowledge of their customs. Even in his blunt frankness, Mr. Faulkner is not without sympathy for a people represented by Paw Taylor, who was "drawn to a fate that he did not recognize as unkind. . . . Not compelled by seasonal or even yearly mutations, the limits of his developments or even changes were as stagnant as the land from which he sprung. . . . "



Eric Schaal

John Faulkner

The "Okies" of Australia

THE BATTLERS. By Kylie Tennant. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 405 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KLAUS LAMBRECHT

THE Battlers are the "Okies" of Australia, migrant laborers who have been on the "track" for years, following the fruit crops from county to county, living in road camps, stealing whatever they can from farmers, picking up work wherever they can find it, and drawing dole coupons in the towns which lie on their way. That is the background of a simple and delightful and yet deeply moving story.

It is rather obvious that we should be reminded of "The Grapes of Wrath," although the author has in no way been following the great example. The theme is similar, the implications are almost the same, but beyond that any parallel ends. It lacks the dramatic power, the poetic strength, the disturbing essence of Steinbeck. It is a statement rather than an accusation; and problems are raised for which no solutions are given. But the point is that no solutions are expected; even the events, tragic though they are—a flood which drives the wandering families from their river camp, robbing them of their meagre possessions, a fire that destroys the cannery where at last they had found some work—are pretty insignificant because there is not much of a story to which they could give a dramatic turn.

What is significant, however, and what gives the book its very distinct qualities are the characters, "a dirty crew of vagabonds, blasphemous, generous, cunning and friendly," whom the author has brought to life. There is Snow, otherwise Theodore Grimshaw, a professional tramp, who somewhere has a farm and a wife and children but is discontent and restless; there is the Stray, a toothless girl of twenty who has but one ambition—to get herself a set of teeth and then win Snow's heart; Miss Phipps, who has seen better days and is so intolerably refined that they all would like to get rid of her; and countless other people who follow the road, discouraged and joyful, tragic and funny, pathetic and tender. These people and their stories, their fears and prejudices, their poverty and their longing for security are the carrying power of the book. As a novel it may have its faults, but here the author has brilliantly succeeded.

It is not a great book but certainly a most appealing one, because there is humor in it and a bitter realism, tragedy and love, warmth and cruelty, and a sensitive conception of a peculiar form of life.

Governor Murray D. Van Wagoner, of Michigan, has signed a bill providing for state aid to libraries. The Legislature has allotted $500,000 for two years to improve existing libraries and to develop new services. This appropriation is being re-established after a two-year lapse.

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MAJORITIES AND DICTATORSHIP

WHAT is the real tragedy of dictatorship? Our literature—fiction and non-fiction both—has given emphasis to the fate of the minorities, and to the barbarism that is loosed on these groups. But the greatest tragedy of dictatorship is what happens to the majority: the reality that the minds of the majority may become so drugged that for a long time they may be amenable to that barbarism.

In all our haste to set up foolproof safeguards against dictatorship, we have been guilty of a strange lack of introspection. We have been told to watch out for the would-be dictator who might seize power, so we make a canvass of the would-be dictators and discredit them. We have been told that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, so we sit on the edge of our seats, and perhaps every now and then we look under the bed. We have been told that the branches of government must not exceed their functions, so we watch Washington and then write a letter to the editor or to our Congressman.

But all these externals, while important enough, are only part of the story. The real story, the real test, will be our own attitudes and our own ideals under fire. For the danger is not only that we may be caught off guard and thrown into dictatorship; equally great and perhaps greater is the danger that we may slide into dictatorship without being pushed. And if we are anxious to provide now against every possible contingency in order to insure the preservation of free government, we will do well to test our convictions on democracy for possible soft spots. We would do well, in fact, to take a general intellectual inventory, sorting prejudice from principle, ascertaining the total of each; and then trying to gauge the subtractive quality of expediency on both. Then, if we are half the democrats we think we are, we will do something about reinforcing those convictions where they are in need of it.

While it may seem inconceivable to lovers of liberty that a majority of Americans should ever willingly embrace a non-democratic form of government, we should not make the mistake of thinking it an automatic impossibility. For the historical fact is that dictatorship on occasion has found majority support—for a time at least—and has not necessarily been imposed on an unwilling people. Nor does the nature of the source of such power invest it with democratic form. Democracy is built on twin pillars: majority rule, and the preservation of minority rights. Majority rule, standing alone, can degenerate into mob rule. It is the other pillar that makes democracy something more than an empty shell.

Nor can it be argued that, if the people are content to have democratic values destroyed, the state is fulfilling its purpose. Contentment or satisfaction, in the sense of acquiescence, are not the ultimate in human goals. If they were, we should have to admit the validity of the leading argument used to justify slavery not only in our own history but in almost every age; if they were, we should have to legalize and encourage the use of opium and other artificial and synthetic satisfiers. The goal of man, it has been said so many times that it was trite even when Aristotle wrote it, is to be free—free in mind, free in spirit, free to develop and elevate every faculty to the utmost. Man can be happy because he is free, but he cannot be free just because he is happy.

Thus it can be no accident that when we have been speaking of the goals of democracy we have been speaking of the "four freedoms." True, all these freedoms have never existed in any one place at any one time, in the sense that they were *all* shared by *all* the people. But *more* people have shared *more* of these freedoms under democratic government than under any other form of government ever devised by man. And the construction of a bridge from *more* to *all,* as applied to people and freedoms, is the job and the goal of civilization. To say that these goals are secondary to the goals of what is nothing more than a synthetic satisfaction is to say that evolution is impossible or unnecessary or both.

It is difficult to conceive of any crime by a state—any oppression or persecution of a minority—which is as great as the crime a majority can inflict on itself through acceptance of dictatorship. It is a triumph of nothing except isolation from the very nature of man and the possibilities and potentialities within him.

N. C.

V.

By John Williams Andrews

HOW is the Great Wall broken, and the passes,
Frugal in pasture, held by alien hands;
The camel-trains, with faggots, coal and grasses,
Come wending down, but brown, maurauder bands
Plough with their guns and tanks. The little lakes
Are clogged with debris. Herded, slaughtered, driven,
The people mill. The empty morning breaks
On camp-fires burning in the Temple of Heaven!

Guns in the north! Guns in the south and west!
Guns by the rivers and the small canals!
The hills and highlands shake, and have no rest
From shrapnel, downward coning. The old walls,
Waving their grasses, crumble. Earth is shrunken!
The seas are shrunken! Even the hills are flat!
Nothing impedes now the blind, roaring, drunken
March of the armies where the lands are fat!

Nothing—except the courage and the will
Of those who still must call their souls their own,
And, hence, with barriers of flesh, are still
Barring the passageways. No, hate has grown,
And fear! They walk the earth. And hour by hour,
Men stand and watch, made impotent by dismay.
Hate, grown by feeding, holds men in its power,
And grows with every makeshift and delay.

None knows now in what lands, among what stones
The grim guns next will plough ancestral bones!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Summer Heat and the Tuba"

SIR:—It is not often that your journal falls into such a mistake as to review with enthusiasm the work of a learned fool while neglecting a work of sterling genius. Yet that is just what you have done in your "art-considering" review of Dr. Durtmann's "History of the Tuba," published by that eminent firm, Litter, Rary, & Hokes Co. [*SRL*, July 26].

Am I to infer that the editors are not cognizant of Dr. Albern Obernarr's monumental treatise in ten volumes, "A Short Consideration of the Tuba as an Ethno-genetical Phenomenon in Contemporary Rural-Intuitive Cultures Considered with Respect to the Makrokosmos?"

One must acknowledge that Dr. Durtmann's name stands out prominently in the "relatively virgin domain of the relationship between music and warfare," but one must add that if Dr. Durtmann's name is a household word, it is a word unmentionable in polite literary reviews.

I will simply, and to the shame of all false criticism and all false history, quote a few limpid paragraphs from Dr. Obernarr's classic introduction to his work of a lifetime. Here, then, is the "Truth About the Tuba."[1]

My inquiry into the history of musical instruments is written not as a treatise on history or on musical instruments but as a study of the deep spiritual bases of the art of sound. The development of this great art belongs spiritually to the great Germanic world lying between Baile Atha Cliath on the West, Murmansk on the North, Ivanovo-Vozenesensk on the East, and Erakleion on the South. Here, in this cradle of the German race were born all the great arts—war, journalism, and engineering—as well as the minor arts of poetry, philosophy, and architecture; and here was first discovered and first perfected the Tuba, symbol of Germanic might and itself the highest achievement of the Germanic race.

String instruments belong to Italy, the clavichord to England, but it was in Germany that that great *beleidigend* giant, the Tuba, found its birthplace. In this we may see the deep necessity of all history at work. We of this age have learned to understand arts as prime phenomena. We no longer look to the operations of cause and effect to give unity to the story of history. Instead, we have set up the idea of the *Destiny* of an art, a man, a nation, and the Tuba.

Some music, even music akin to that of the tuba, there has been everywhere and always, even before any genuine culture, even among the beasts and Non-Aryans. The few instruments that these early times developed were all employed in orgiastic revelry of the soldier heroes, and therefore rejected the Jew's Harp, the instrument of the effete and decadent of primitive times.

No sooner was the Tuba brought into its proper place in the perspective of German history than there arose also the tremendous Germanic ideals of untrammelled energy and perfervid passion, among the noble accompaniments, or should we say results, of the Golden Age of the Tuba.[2] For the purest expression of the Germanic Tuba soul in music we must go to Schwarzofen. He was the master. Since his time there have been only uneasy slaves of the forms he set for all time. Today, the Tuba soul of a conqueroring race breathes not in the decadent work of the so-called "composers" but in the divine harmonies of Big Berthas. The soul of Europe's master is not in the febrile scores of well-meaning "composers" but in the mighty blueprints of the drafting rooms at K——'s.

And for that reason the great cannon today, as the Tuba in the time of Schwarzofen[3], the cannon which roars deep and high through our continents in tones which, compared with the plain solid notes of Anglo-Russian efforts, seem to know neither limit nor restraint, is the instrument of instruments in Western soul-striving.

If then, we view the successive stages through which the dominant idea of force has passed since its birth in Pan-German Olympus and Thessalonika, we find that (1) in primitive times there was the wish, intensified to the point of longing, to fill a spatial infinity with sound; (2) the Minnetubers of Ljubljana gratified this wish by the perfection of the Tuba; (3) Schwarsofen, Schwarzgalle, and Schwarztod brought the music of the Tuba to unheard of heights of *Ungeheuerlichkeit;* and (4) the Tuba soul has shifted to its final expression in the utterances of party leaders and their cannon, which gratify the primitive wish of the race (that is, to fill a spatial infinity with sound) as even the Tuba could not.

I invite you to a consideration of my few modest volumes for a psycho-physico-philosophico-esthetic expatiation upon my main thesis.

And so I, too invite all pretenders to criticism and history to a perusal at their leisure of Dr. Albern Obernarr's scholarly work, which sets at rest forever all foolish notions about the history of the Tuba and places that noble instrument for all time in its proper position as herald and symbol of a conquering race.

R. E. BOWERS.

Beaver Dam,
Wisconsin.

P. S. It's hot in Beaver Dam, too.

"Looks as if you'll have to put in more time on my next composition, dad."

[1] Dr. Albern Obernarr, "A Short Consideration of the Tuba as an Ethno-genetical Phenomenon in Contemporary Rural-Intuitive Cultures Considered with Respect to the Makrokosmos." Translated by Kummer Bund. New York: O. U. Kyd & Co., 1941. 4,576 pp. 10 vols. $40.

[2] At the time this work went to press, it was noted that the only instrument personified ably in Walt Disney's *Fantasia* was the Tuba, an indication that the conglomerate American culture (if we may call it that) has a few strands of Germanic purity within its horrid mass of inferior strains.

[3] We should give credit of course to Schwarzofen's great contemporaries, Schwarzgalle and Schwarztod, who together with Schwarzofe comprise the three S's of Tuba history.

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Story of Mrs. Thrale

HESTER LYNCH PIOZZI (Mrs. Thrale). By James L. Clifford. New York: Oxford University Press. 1941. *492 pp., with index.* $6.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THIS book is one of those useful and informative works which really throw light on persons and periods. "Investigation could not further go." Professor Clifford's industry is appalling but intelligent. And though one may not always accept his explanations, one has got to accept his facts. The worst that can be said of his book is that his style is not always exciting. But on the other hand it is always gentlemanly and there is no fake about it. In fact this biography is entitled to an eminent position in distinguished company. Professor Clifford, who is gratifyingly modest, deserves to get over some of his diffidence.

It is probably impossible to write a biography of Mrs. Piozzi without sharpening an axe for James Boswell. The feud between Wales and Scotland, between male and female, was deep and irreconcilable in the 1780s and continues to be so in the 1940s. In some respects it is intensified, as if that mattered. And in the connection partisanship is almost a virtue. Boswell's oblique attack on the lady has become part of a great tradition. Nor can his innuendos be repelled without casting some aspersions on their author. On the whole their mutual insults tend to make each of the antagonists more interesting as human specimens. But one feels that Professor Clifford has made out a pretty good case for Mrs. Piozzi's long-term veracity, which Boswell spent much ink in impugning. Inaccurate she may have been, but she lied no more than Boswell or the rest of us.

Professor Clifford's sober and factual study enhances her interest and charm. But her vigor, courage, and startling good sense perhaps required the illumination which he has provided. There were many conventions in those times and she had often to submit. But she never gave up fighting for her hand, and she always fought in a thoroughly gallant and sportsmanlike way. That she should ever have been yoked to a cold fish like Thrale, a creature at once domineering and vacillating, is a hateful circumstance. But she endured his tyranny with the minimum of complaint and repaired his blunders with the maximum of ability. One would never guess from Macaulay's "emotive" and unintelligent rhetoric with what superb courage she faced the

Mrs. Piozzi at the age of 60

wave of prejudice that rose when she married Piozzi. She was not afraid of agitated waters and went over them like a surf-board rider into twenty years of delightful happiness. One is enchanted that she was thus indemnified for the misery of Streatham even if her children did inherit and exhibit the frigid stupidity of their father.

It has been said that vivid personalities always have their silly side. Hester Lynch Piozzi when she goes ridiculous approaches the sublime. But even at her most affected she is in some way finely tempered in reality. Her affectation is not like yours and mine. In an occult and obscure manner it emphasizes her charm and ultimate genuineness, whatever she may happen to utter through her della Cruscan Leghorn hat. The Sewards, the Hannah Mores, the Mrs. Montagus seem like authentic Pinchbeck, when confronted with her. Whatever her failings, something burned in her then and we feel the warmth yet. They said she was vulgar and strident, they said she was pretentious and man-crazy. It may be so, but for one I don't think Piozzi was the most unfortunate tenor who has come to my attention.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 384)

WALTER DE LA MARE:
SELF TO SELF

Wouldst thou then happy be?
. . . . . .
Heart-near or fancy-far,
All's thine to make or mar.
Thine its sole consciousness,
Whether thou ban or bless.
Loving delight forgot,
Life's very roots must rot.
Be it for better or worse,
Thou art thy universe.

Esthetic Revolution

ART TODAY. By Ray Faulkner, Edwin Ziegfeld, and Gerald Hill. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1941. 358 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by OLIVER LARKIN

SOPHISTICATES may tilt their noses at a book whose first chapter is "Art in the Home," but nine out of ten readers will find it as shrewdly as it is simply written. The three teachers who made this introduction to the fine and functional arts compress an enormous range of subjects into chapters that are neither stuffy nor over-simplified. Courageously, they open their discussion at the point where the arts impinge on man's consciousness—in daily living with familiar objects. The first third of their volume describes the human needs and interests which are "the parents of all art" and which give characteristic shape and direction to architecture, interior design and furnishing, city planning, painting, sculpture, graphic, industrial, and commercial art. They avoid perfunctory reverence for the past by analyzing first, for example, the Greenbelt community in modern Maryland, then turning back to colonial Williamsburg for analogies and contrasts.

It is no news that the industrial revolution was also an esthetic revolution. Here, two hundred illustrations prove the extent to which machine production has not only reshaped old forms and created new ones—but has created new qualities, and relationships on which a modern esthetic must be built. Having discussed the ends of art, the authors describe the means in sections two and three of their book, on Organization or Design, and on the materials and processes involved in the making of contemporary objects. They break down our falsely clear distinction between "fine" and "useful" arts by considering sculpture and painting as human experiences shared through forms which, because relatively undetermined by practical need of circumstance, are more free, intense and complex. Design principles become, not ends in themselves nor rigid laws to be obeyed, but natural solutions of the artist's problem in attempting to make "form follow function," and to achieve variety within unity.

Although more elaborate and more penetrating studies have been made of individual subjects here included, there is no more intelligent, comprehensible and convincing all-round treatment than this of the sources of art in living and the impacts of contemporary arts upon living.

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Country Book Auction

DELLA T. LUTES

THERE are few articles sold at country auctions less esteemed by the auctioneer than old books. He can get a little something out of jugs, jars, crocks, cracked dishes, tools, old clothes, but a book—take it away! But for the collector or the book-lover, the auctions sometimes provide a minor treasure. Writers and researchers, especially, or anyone looking for material from which to dig fact or fancy, may find the country auction an almost inexhaustible store. A few days ago I managed to acquire six bound volumes of Gleason's "Pictorial Drawing Room Companion," from the first volume published in July 1851, through 1856. Six issues to a volume. As I am not using that period at this particular time, I have laid these aside until I have more time to peruse them, but a brief glance through the pages showed me that in the volumes from 1851 to 1860, I could find copious illustrations of costumes, customs, vehicles: a picture of Jenny Lind in her first performance in America; a picture of the carriage the Citizens of New York presented to Millard Fillmore, drawn by a span of horses from the ladies of Albany, the whole costing $2,600; a picture of the launching of the Clipper Ship *Flying Cloud* at Boston, the "largest and longest clipper ship in the world, 230 ft. long, 41 ft. extreme breadth, etc."; a carriage presented to Daniel Webster; then "horse racing," "the stage," foreign news; "Queen Victoria leaving Buckingham for the opening of the great exhibit. . . . "

All that is in *one* volume—and there are six! and I paid twenty-five cents a volume for them.

Yesterday a friend bought ten books (for a quarter) in order to get one genealogy that happened to be included in the lot, and I fell heir to the rest: a handsome volume of Chaucer, another of Schiller's poems, Kingsley's "Hypatia." After the close of the same sale the auctioneer brought out five bound volumes of Frank Leslie's *Popular Monthly* from 1884 to 1886 and gave them to me. They border closely upon the next period that I intend to study, and I shall get atmosphere, color, and much information from them.

One recent auction netted me an unusually rich harvest. It was at a large house, victorian from attic to cellar, though unpretentious—and one family had lived in it for over fifty years. (I bought a handsome shaving mug at the same sale, with the man's name on it in gold leaf!) Well, they kept shoving the books back in a corner, because antimacassars and macrème lambrequins were going so well, but at last a huge armful was brought forth. Nobody did, not even I. Finally we piped up an apologetic "dime."

"Take 'em away!" shouted the auctioneer irritably, and we did. Two more loads were brought out and disposed of in the same way. Then the auctioneer struck an attitude.

"Now look here, folks," he said, firmly. "I ain't goin' to have my helpers lug out no more of these here dodrotted books. They ain't worth the shoe leather. There's a hull book case full of the same kind o' stuff inside. There ain't but one person here bidding on 'em [he eyed me suspiciously] and [to me] if you want to go in and take the hull batch for what you've spent already you're sure welcome to it."

There were over a hundred books in the case (a handsome old secretary, which was sold for a song while I was busy lugging out books) and all in perfect condition, which—since they were definitely of the elegant eighties and the golden nineties—didn't speak too well for their use. But they do look handsome on my shelves. There are all our favorites—Holmes, Evans, Southworth, Roe, Fleming (most all with nice—though mournful—poetry-headings over every chapter:

But if thou wilt be constant then
And faithful of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen
And famous by my sword.

I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before,
I'll crown and 'deck thee all with bays
And love thee evermore.

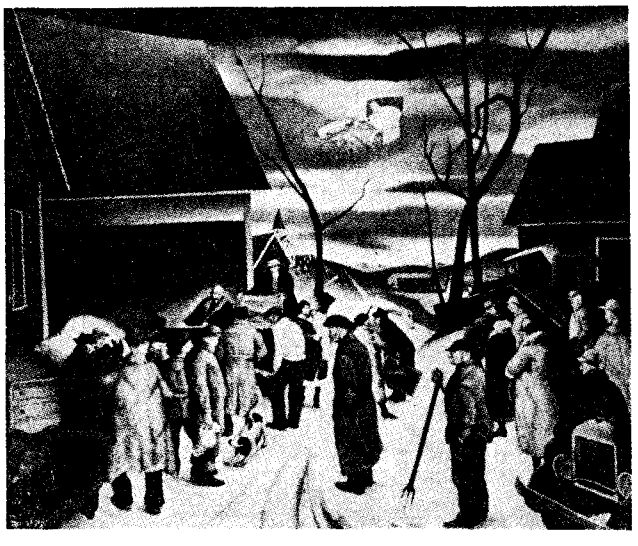
This and worse, learned and high-proud.) Whole *sets* of them, too: twenty volumes of May Agnes Fleming, twenty-two of Mary J. Holmes, eighteen of Mrs. Southworth, all of Augusta J. Evans's best, ten of Edgar Allan Poe, seven of Horatio Alger, Jr. . . . Think of the *quantity* alone!

Besides all these, which I welcomed as old friends who can have a home with me as long as I have one, were any number of odd things, such as: "The Life and Beauties of Fanny Fern" (perhaps as well known a woman columnist as there has been, including Dorothy Dix); "Thaddeus of Warsaw," which I loved when I was twenty and which doesn't make such bad reading right now; a Russian Primer, Zipal—Pohorsky Obratz (1899), published in Russian and impressive to look at; the Fables of J. de la Fontaine, Paris Librairie (1854), dedicated to Monseigneur le Dauphin.

And any number of old school books which I highly prize: Woodbridge's "Rudiments of Geography," published in 1832, or Sanders "Readers," from first to fifth grade.

To come across a bookmark of "zephyr," cross-stitched on canvas, or a merit card (the kind you got at Sunday School), a souvenir picture card from Duke's cigarettes, or pressed leaves, flowers, locks of hair (which I pick out gingerly and throw in the fire) is a distinct pleasure.

To see my old friends of country school days in person, I have to go all the way out to Michigan, but by merely taking down from my own shelves a copy of "Self-Raised from the Depths," by Mrs. Southward (in green and gold), I can summon them to me at home—with their stiff Brusseled parlors, their peacock feathers in a vase, their funny, high-necked, long-tailed, fussy clothes. The people in the books used much better language than we did—anyway they used more of it. They called the old secretary an "escritoire," and they likened the heroine to an "alabaster woman whose fixed eyes stare sea-ward, whether it be storm or sea." They sprinkled their pages with such gems of literature as "Jenischid's Goblet, or Iskander's Mirror." They sang in



—*From the painting by Paul Sample.*

"Country Auction"

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Latin and in French—seldom in anything so ordinary as English, however good. Still, it kept us on our toes, so to speak, pretending to understand; and we liked it. No author could get away with such high-flown stuff today, probably because nowadays the reader knows so much more than the author.

There are also, among my newly acquired possessions, a few rows of pathetically serious little books including the spelling books and readers, geographies and orthographies (and some religious books, and poets: "Paradise Lost and Regained," by one John Milton, all bound in worn calf—lovely to the touch—or heavy pasteboard, which were so obviously written or compiled to help the cowhide-booted little boys and the bonneted little girls get a hold on what they fondly thought was "education"). They are not gay. Their writers were never gay. They were earnest. My other friends may not have been so *gay* either—Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Southworth, Marion Harland, L. T. Meade, Edna Lyall—but think how *elegant* they were. *They* didn't smoke cigarettes, or go to cocktail parties, or swear, or say "bitch." Heavens, no. They were *cultured.* They dressed so well, and were always so well groomed. You should see a picture of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, as shown in *Peterson's Magazine* for 1874—a large, fine head, hair parted in the middle, with corkscrew curls either side of a handsome, intelligent face, her mouth a perfect Cupid's bow. Yes—they were *elegant* writers and they did something for us.

Their books lying on our parlor tables did something for our homes. And now that they have come to make me what you might call a permanent visit, they still do something for me. I have put a couple of moustache cups, a few very handsome shaving mugs with names done richly in gold leaf, and a red glass butter dish, on the shelves with them, just to make them feel at home.

No, I don't recommend buying old books at auctions for *you,* because it might not have the same appeal that it has for me. You might prefer snuff boxes or wooden nutmegs. And you might not find enough actual value in the kind of old books that I buy to pay for the gas. If I lived in a city, I suppose, for a ten cent bus ride. I could go to a library and look up for nothing all the "data" I'll ever get out of these books that I fondly call my "reference" library. But in the first place, I don't live in the city, and in the second place, it wouldn't be the same thing at all. My values are by no means material. I know I have spent too much on the shelves to house the books; I've spent no small sum on gasoline; my hands are grimy from putting away the last batch; but they do look lovely against my wall. They warm my heart, and when the next auction is posted, I shall throw caution to the winds and go!

Villages between Wars

COME TO DUST. By Anne Freemantle. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1941. 296 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by REBECCA LOWRIE

THERE is no question of Anne Freemantle's skill in the creation of atmosphere. She has brought to vivid life the village and the villagers of a between-wars French province, Aix-en-Savoie. The story moves at a leisurely pace. Idyllic at first the personal situations become tenser and more pathological, situations which are likely enough but which somehow seem artificial and implausible. Into the quiet parish come Marguerite de Sierroz, widow of a titled Frenchman whom she has deeply loved, and her twelve-year-old daughter, Chautel. They come for the funeral of Uncle Amadeno who has willed the estate to Chautel. The relationship between mother and daughter is romantically close and Chautel's idolatry of her mother lays her open to a staggering shock when she discovers Marguerite and one of her lovers flagrante delicto. Since this blow follows closely on her own sexual awakening, when Dominique, an attractive boy whose wealthy parents are part of Marguerite's sophisticated group, gives her an interest in her emotions, Chautel flies into a fury of disgust and hatred of her mother. At this point the Curie, a gentle, garden-loving man who regards his worldly parishioners with rare understanding, helps untangle the child's psychic knots, and makes her strong enough to face a final catastrophe.

Running along with the Chautel-Marguerite story is the narrative, not very clearly developed, of the effort of the townspeople to prevent the damning of the Rhone for a power plant. The almost anonymous French peasants, stubborn, frugal, independent are more real than the central characters who always seem contrived, and to strain unnecessarily to prove their own freedom from inhibitions. The writing is deft, artful, and admirable; the story is vaguely irritating and offensive.

Nazi Imponderable

RIDDLE OF THE REICH. By Wythe Williams, in collaboration with Albert Parry. New York: Prentice-Hall Inc. 1941. 351 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN C. DE WILDE

MR. WILLIAMS, the well-known radio commentator, and his collaborator have written a rambling account of the Third Reich—of German morale, industry, transportation, agriculture, anti-Semitism, and foreign policy. Although their book contains much good material, it impresses one as something of a hodge-podge. It possesses little unity or coherence, for if the authors intended really to explore the "riddle of the Reich" and to arrive at a deeper understanding of Nazi Germany, they appear to have failed in their purpose. Theirs, in sum, is the oft-repeated anti-Nazi treatise, with a few chapters on Germany's Axis partners, including one on Russian aviation, thrown in for good measure.

The general picture given of Germany does not notably diverge from that which is already familiar to most people. The German people are confused, for the most part credulous, and apathetic rather than enthusiastic in their attitude toward the Nazi regime and the war. The majority of the young, long indoctrinated, are with the Nazis. The workers incline toward skepticism, if not hostility, and the middle classes appear divided. The aristocrats and capitalists, although deprived of all real power, have been cleverly enlisted as servants of a regime which they hate and despise at heart.

The Nazi ruling class is really the only beneficiary of the Third Reich. Yet, despite the unpopularity of the regime, there appears little chance of revolt. Only military defeats, together with a British statement of war or peace aims that will appeal to the German public, can prepare the way for a possible uprising.

In the economic field the authors correctly hold the Reich to be strong. Germany now possesses ample industrial capacity and can scrape along with the available raw materials. Foodstuffs are far from plentiful, but the pre-war campaign for self-sufficiency has made enough progress to carry "the Nazis to a final victory."

Mr. Williams depicts in vivid terms the Nazi menace to the United States, including the danger from "fifth columnists." He is convinced, however, that we can and will still defeat Germany by throwing our great power on the side of Britain. And in the ensuing peace, it will be our task to "de-

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—*From "Low on the War."*

"Where next, mein Führer?"

cree a balance of punishment and justice for Germany."

Leaving aside these conclusions, the reviewer must confess a certain amount of skepticism about some of the "evidence" marshalled in this book. Mr. Williams is one of those observers who make considerable show of their access to "inside information" and "secret reports." In some cases, this strikes one as rather ludicrous. For instance, he gravely announces that his conclusions about the food situation and the conditions of the railways were reached on the basis of secret and confidential information, although he might easily have made the same deductions from available, published data! In other cases, one is inclined to suspect him of using reports without much discrimination. At the head of one chapter he cites a song of the Hitler youth: "Today Germany belongs to us, Tomorrow the rest of the World." A little checking would have revealed that the German text says in reality "Today Germany *listens* (hört, instead of gehört) to us," etc. In another place, he writes that alcohol is being extracted from wine for fuel and that the Germans are being told to drink a non-alcoholic wine made from tomatoes, black bread, and ginger. Yet, only six pages further he cites an article which clearly shows that wine and liquor are among the few unrationed commodities. On still another occasion, he alludes to a "Goering plan" whereby a "gigantic industrial region" would be created in the Balkans, while Germany itself would be transformed into "a huge residence and playground for the Nazis." Mr. Williams really should have known that someone was evidently pulling his leg!

African Journey

FOCUS ON AFRICA. By Richard Upjohn Light. New York: American Geographical Society. 1941 228 *pp.,* 324 *photographs, with maps and index.* $5.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

DR. RICHARD UPJOHN LIGHT is a medical scientist of Kalamazoo, Michigan, and a skilled flyer whose hobby is exploration. His wife, Mary, is also a pilot, radio operator, and aerial photographer. Three winters ago, after extended flights over Latin America, this intrepid pair took their six-place, single-motored Bellanca to Cape Town. Thereafter, they zig-zagged northward over Africa and the Mediterranean to Sicily, stopping along the way long enough to gratify Dr. Light's insatiable curiosity about peoples, places, and conditions.

"Focus on Africa" is a valuable photographic and word-picture record of those 20,000 miles of investigation and air travel, above rolling veldt and impenetrable jungle, rugged mountains and blistering deserts, through torrential rain—and sandstorms, fighting variable winds, fog, and a multitude of imponderables.

It is ten years since I first flew from London to Cape Town and back. Dr. Light's "Focus on Africa" has now widened that perspective. With commendable lucidity, it presents students with a view of Africa's multifarious human, racial, economic, political, and governmental problems in their true relation to the whole of Africa. But more than that, as an adventure and travel story, it will fascinate the rocking chair explorers.

Still Fighting

UNDEFEATED. By Solomon Goldman. Published by the Zionist Organization of America, 1941. 135 *pp., with index.* $1.

Reviewed by BARUCH BRAUNSTEIN

THIS book comprises three addresses delivered during Dr. Goldman's tenure as President of the Zionist Organization of America. Dr. Goldman answers the charges of the White Paper of 1939, which attempted to whittle down still more Britain's obligations under international covenant and treaties. He makes an impelling case for Britain's betrayal of these solemn obligations. Anti-semitism, he argues with force, is the name for British appeasement in the Middle East. Events have proved Dr. Goldman right. British appeasement of Arabs and the Mufti have brought on the pro-Axis revolt in Iraq. Throughout the Middle East the Mufti's hands are in evidence, raised for the Axis. Tardily Britain has come to realize, as one British paper recently acknowledged, that Britain only has two allies for certainty in the Middle East: Greeks and Jews.

These addresses were delivered between June, 1939 and July, 1940, cataclysmic months. These dark months brought nations and peoples to their senses. Anti-semitism, for one thing, has come to be understood for what it really is—the universal Fifth Column, for Jews are the "seismographs recording the first impact of the shock that was to follow" against other peoples and engulf them too.

Dr. Goldman criticizes the British Government freely, and with justice. Despite her misdemeanors and downright stupidities, Dr. Goldman concludes by promising her that Jewish Palestine will fight by her side for justice, Britain's avowed war aim, and in the end Britain will give justice to the Jews also. Not mere promises, for already 10,000 Jews are fighting on the far-flung British Middle East front. At least 40,000 young Jews are waiting for Britain to arm them. There might have been at least one-half million Jews ready for just such an emergency had Britain been wise and really facilitated Jewish immigration into Palestine. Palestine was a base for the Syrian invasion. She is an arsenal supplying food and small armaments to Britain's armies in the Middle East. The Jews believe with Churchill: "We must forget our yesterdays if we are not to sacrifice our tomorrows."

Goldman's book is a *must* for understanding one segment of the British Middle East front.

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ORPHAN ANN

August CRIME CLUB Selection

Dietary Evolution

THE AMERICAN AND HIS FOOD. By Richard Osborn Cummings. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 267 pp., with index. $2.50.

Reviewed by DOROTHY GILES

IN the little more than a century since Brillat-Savarin observed of a world that dined heavily, if at all, that the destiny of nations depends on how they feed themselves, America has moved far along the gastronomic path. We have advanced from corn pone and pot-likker to the delicacy of iced orange juice, dated coffee, and cellophane-wrapped breakfast foods; from loose, raw milk peddled up and down our city streets and ladled from the milkman's can to the housewife's jug, to state laws covering pasteurization, the sterilization of containers, the equipment and maintenance of dairies and cow barns, and the inspection of dairy and beef cattle.

This progress, from the first decade after the revolutionary struggle to the decade after the Great Depression, is traced by Professor Cummings, assistant professor of history at Lawrence College, in a concise, well-paced, and extremely readable little volume, "The American and His Food."

It is as a historian, and not as a dietitian, that Professor Cummings writes. He takes no sides, propounds no theories, advocates no diets. He quotes reliable sources which reveal that the children of privileged groups, who are fed on the protective foods, tend to be taller than those whose diet lacks these foods: and that children born of newly-arrived immigrants to this country tend to be smaller than those born after their parents have been ten years or more in the country. Which may, or may not, prove that there is an American type. He points out as true of all Americans from 1789 to today, that as their economic wealth increases their standards of living rises. This rise is accompanied by increase in stature and increased resistance to disease.

Reviewing the forward march of the past century encourages the reader to believe that within the next hundred years Americans will have learned the secret of good and healthful eating and the production of a strong, handsome, and energetic nation.

James Truslow Adams, the American historian, recently handed to the Oxford University Press, for war purposes, a fee which he had earned by his "An American Looks at the British Empire." Now Bruce Rogers, the celebrated Typographer, has sent back a check representing money due to him as designer of the volumes in the "Hesperides Series," asking that it should be used to provide "bombs and aeroplanes against Germany." Both sums have been handed over to the Book Trade Spitfire Fund.

—*The Bookseller,* London.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MRS. MURDOCK TAKES A CASE *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.)	Joyce Murdock, to help girl friend, mixes in murderous mess husband Kent wouldn't touch—until wife's predicament calls for masculine help.	Faultlessly constructed and convincingly written story with thrilling situations enhanced by direct and matter-of-fact handling.	Very good
MARE'S NEST *Carlyn Coffin* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Accidentally incapacitated young matron helps anomalous outfit of sleuths clear up poisoning of black-sheep brother on Maryland estate.	Fiendish murder method; galaxy of viperish, mysterious, and psychotic females, sprightly heroine, discreet detecting, and chilling climax.	Tangy and turbulent
THE NURSING-HOME MURDER *Ngaio Marsh* and *Dr. Henry Jellett* (Sheridan House: $2.)	Home Secretary succumbs to poison after operation by surgeon who hates him. Insp. Alleyn of Scotland Yard fixes blame correctly.	Interesting hospital scenes and technical data—for those who like it. Plot unwound with customary Marsh adroitness and finesse.	Clever
THE CASE OF THE TURNING TIDE *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Two killings on West Coast yacht stump local D.A. until sprightly and uninhibited oldster shows puzzled detectives way out.	Four-barrelled plot, customary crisp Gardner talk, gorgeously amusing grandsire, other racy characters and much slick sleuthing.	Capital

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Longer and Better

***AMERICANS, LIVE LONGER!** By W. W. Bauer, M.D. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 219 pp. $2.*

Reviewed by LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D.

DR. BAUER has had a long and honorable career in health education and is known to the medical profession as one of the few who "tells 'em right"; who, in the practice of that delicate art, walks the narrow way which avoids sensationalism on the one hand and dullness on the other, and who realizes that some subjects are best avoided.

The present little book is addressed to those of middle age and discusses the disability and physical problems incident to that grievous time. It presents no special propaganda, except perhaps the reminder that to live longer is not enough if one does not also live better. It has, I am relieved to state, no focusing point, conclusion, or campaign. I am not cajoled into the saccharine suggestion that life begins at forty, nor am I ordered peremptorily to bid a tearful farewell to my tobacconist or my wine merchant.

I am glad of this because the main contentions of most of the health educators who are assigned to the middle age division seem to me to break down at all points. Many of my contemporaries, I presume, would be perfectly willing to forego the pleasures of gravy and alcohol and tobacco—that triad of horrors that the personal hygienist always holds up before us—if they could attain to the age of eighty. They would stop having fun and after they hadn't had any fun for forty years, they would pass on with a clear conscience of duty done. But even if these assurances are sound — and they are no sounder than those of a Baptist revivalist—there are some, among them your reviewer, to whom they carry no appeal. I know nothing of the nature of Heaven, and I do not know if after I had made the proper sacrifices to get there, I would like it. But I do know the nature of life on this earth between the ages of forty and seventy. And when I am told I must eschew a magisterial figure, highballs, Burgundy, cigars, sitting up after nine o'clock, and the stimulation of the adrenal secretion that comes from musical comedies, political campaigns, private argument, bridge, and a full round of golf, in order to attain that period, I must reply that those are the only things that make the state desirable.

So the argument crumbles on all legs, and it is a great relief to find that Dr. Bauer avoids it.

Dr. Bauer admits that though Americans now live longer, most of the saving comes from our conquest of the hazards of younger life—infant mortality, the contagious diseases of childhood, and tuberculosis in adolescence. The hazards of middle life—the Big Six, heart disease, high blood pressure, endocrine atrophy, cancer, diabetes, and arthritis—he discusses calmly, authoritatively, and hopefully. It would be idle to attempt to summarize these chapters: they must be read for themselves.

I admit to some reservations about the public education campaign on cancer. The profession is a little disingenuous about that. I cannot believe that "Fear the beginning of cancer and you need not fear the end," is a scientific statement. It is true of about thirty per cent of cases. But those are individual opinions, and Dr. Bauer on scientific grounds, is entitled to his views.

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FREE SPEECH IN AMERICA

(*Continued from page* 4)

more anxious to support liberty of speech than it was twenty years ago, can do nothing to keep discussion open during an emergency. Cases of suppression will reach Washington long after the emergency is over. What counts is what is done by the local United States judges. Still more important is the attitude of the prosecutors and the police, because they can stifle free speech by breaking up meetings by arrests and by confiscating pamphlets, yet neglecting to bring many persons to trial. Above all, the maintenance of open discussion depends on the great body of unofficial citizens. If a community does not respect liberty for unpopular ideas, it can easily drive such ideas underground, by persistent discouragement and sneers, by social ostracism, by the boycotting of newspapers and magazines, by refusal to rent halls, by objections to the use of municipal auditoriums and schoolhouses, by discharging teachers and professors and journalists, by mobs, and threats of lynching. On the other hand, an atmosphere of open and unimpeded controversy may be made as fully a part of the life of a community as any other American tradition. The law plays only a small part in either suppression or freedom. In the long run the public gets just as much freedom of speech as it really wants.

This brings me to my final argument for freedom of speech. It creates the happiest kind of country. It is the best way to make men and women love their country. Mill says:

> A State which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes, will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished.

And Arthur Garfield Hays tells the story of a liberated slave who met his former master on the street. The master asked, "Are you as well off as before you were free?" The Negro admitted that his clothes were frayed, his house leaked, and his meals were nothing like the food on the old plantation. "Well, wouldn't you rather be a slave again?" "No, massa. There's a sort of a looseness about this here freedom that I likes."

DOUBTLESS it is inspiring to see the Piazza Venezia in Rome full of well-drilled blackshirts in serried ranks cheering Mussolini, or to watch Nuremberg thronged with hundreds of thousands of Nazis raising their arms in perfect unison at the first glimpse of Hitler. In contrast, our easy-going crowds seem sloppy and purposeless. But we do not have the other side of the picture—the knock on the door that may mean the father of the family is to be dragged off to a concentration camp from which no word returns; great newspapers reduced to mere echoes of the master's voice; the professorships of universities that once led the world filled as we fill third-class postmasterships; the devoted love of young men and women broken up by racial hatreds; the exiles; the boycotts, and what is perhaps worst of all, the men who conform to the will of those in power in order to avoid financial ruin or worse, and yet, even while holding their jobs, live days and nights in the uneasy fear of calamity and the shame-faced consciousness that they have sold their minds and souls. Once commit ourselves to the ideal of enforced national unanimity, and all this logically and easily follows.

Behind the dozens of sedition bills before Congress last session, behind teachers' oaths, and compulsory flag salutes, is a desire to make our citizens loyal to their government. Loyalty is a beautiful idea, but you cannot create it by law or by force at bottom. A government is the officials who carry it on: legislators and prosecutors, school superintendents, and police. If it is composed of legislators who pass short-sighted sedition laws, of narrow-minded school superintendents, who oust thoughtful teachers of American history, or eight-year-old children whose rooted religious convictions prevent them from sharing in a brief ceremony—a government of snoopers and spies and secret police—how can you expect love and loyalty? You make men love their government and their country by giving them the kind of government and the kind of country that inspire respect and love: a country that is free and unafraid, a country that lets the discontented talk, in order to learn the causes of their discontent and remove them; that refuses to impel men to spy on their neighbors; that protects its citizens vigorously from harmful acts, while it leaves the remedies for objectionable ideas to counter-argument and time.

"Plutarch's Lives" was the favorite reading of the men who framed and ratified our Constitution. There they found the story of Timoleon who as a youth had saved his native city of Syracuse from the Carthaginian tyrants. In later years young hotheads used to get up in the public assembly and abuse Timoleon as an old fossil. His friends urged him just to say one word, and they would silence his detractors. But Timoleon insisted that the vituperative youngsters should have their say. "He had taken all the extreme pains and had passed so many dangers, in order that every citizen and inhabitant of Syracuse might frankly use the liberty of their laws. He thanked

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the gods that they had granted him the thing he had so oft requested of them in his prayers, which was, that he might some day see the Syracusans have full power and liberty to say what they pleased."

It is such a spirit that makes us love the United States of America. With all the shortcomings of economic organization, with all the narrowness and ignorance of politicians, we know that we are still immeasurably freer to say what we think and write what we believe and do what we want than we should be in Italy, Germany, or Russia. "There's a looseness about this here freedom that I likes."

Let us not, in our anxiety to protect ourselves from foreign tyrants, imitate some of their worst acts, and sacrifice in the process of national defense the very liberties which we are defending

Zechariah Chafee, Jr., is the Langdell Professor of Law in Harvard University. His book, "Free Speech in the United States," of which this article is to form the last chapter, supersedes his "Freedom of Speech," which has been a standard authority since its publication in 1920.

THE NEW BOOKS

Art

VARNUM POOR. The Hyperion Press. Harper & Bros. 1941. 75 *pp.* $2.75.

DERAIN. The Hyperion Press. Harper & Bros. 1941. 76 *pp.* $2.75.

These are volumes one and two in a new Hyperion Series, Modern Masters. About one-third of each book is text, and half the forty or more plates are colored. Made from Kodachrome photographs, these colored illustrations are good enough to suggest the artists' tonal design, without conveying more than a hint of the qualities that distinguish their handling of pigment; as usual, the plates which reproduce details are better than those which reduce complex color compositions to a small compass. For the monograph on Henry Varnum Poor, Peyton Boswell has summarized the artist's career as a ceramist, easel painter and muralist, and has included Poor's own statement of his creed. To the Dérain volume, Malcolm Vaughan contributes a biographical-critical essay. Both books are lively introductions to superb painters.

O. L.

Fiction

THE ORDEAL OF THE FALCON. By Gösta Larsson. Vanguard Press. 1941. 286 *pp.* $2.50.

Sten is a home boy with a romantic yen for the sea. He is taken aback when he discovers that the caravel to faerie lands forlorn is a tubby, badly-built tramp, but signs on all the same. The skipper is a sadist who spends his off-hours weeping into his coffee over a lost love; the mate a competent Milquetoast with a concealed ambition to be a Casanova. There are also Martin, with two club feet, but very lovable; Oscar the greaser, a lion ashore but a mouse afloat, and a stoker who is the best man on the ship. With this cast and a few more shadowy figures the *Falcon* crosses a chop in the North Sea, rides through a calm into the tropics where all are on short water rations and visit "the black bitches" when they reach an island, and goes through a seventy-page gale in the North Atlantic.

Well, begging your pardon, and that of a young author who shows some talent and too much eagerness for print, this is not Conrad. It is nothing like Conrad. It is what Conrad would have considered a series of notes for a book; and if he couldn't make any more out of them than this, he would have thrown the notes away. For the only events in this book are in the physical world. There is not one change in character or outlook on life in the whole volume; the people of the story do not even affect each other, save with an occasional punch in the eye. Which is to say that nothing at all really happens in the course of the book. It is just an elaborate Saroyan sketch, a slice of life in the raw, which ought to be withdrawn and well cooked into a novel.

F. P.

THE HARP AND THE BLADE. By John Myers Myers. Dutton. 1941. 345 *pp.* $2.50.

The scene is tenth-century France after the collapse of Charlemagne's empire, with Danes, Franks, Saxons, and Wends contending wherever they meet for mastery of the fragments. It is just such a chaotic scene, one may conjecture, as might possibly be reenacted in a post-Hitler Europe, although Mr. Myers himself gives no encouragement to grim parallels. "The Harp and the Blade" is a wholehearted romance, light and vigorous, full of swords and music. For its protagonist and narrator is one Finnian, an Irish minstrel who can chant a new ballad (there are a number of them in the book, very strong and rhythmic) or throw a murderous stool at a moment's notice. It is he who aids his friend Conan to wrest some of his land from the Danes and the Franks, and aids him also to win his love. He tells his tale in easy modern lingo, as though it had happened to a saxaphone player, let us say, landed somehow ten centuries back. This is disturbing at first, especially if you have memories of the old stories of Cuchulain, but Finnian conquers at last by sheer good humor. He is honest and charming, and his narration offers an hour, at least, of romantic amusement.

N. L. R.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. O. Henry: "A Municipal Report."
2. Ring Lardner: "The Champion."
3. Frank Stockton: "The Lady, or the Tiger?"
4. Stevenson: "The Sire de Maletroit's Door."
5. Edith Wharton: "Xingu."
6. Saki: "The Open Window."
7. Poe: "The Tell-Tale Heart."
8. de Maupassant: "A Piece of String."
9. Mark Twain: "The Celebrated Jumping Frog."
10. Conan Doyle: "A Scandal in Bohemia."

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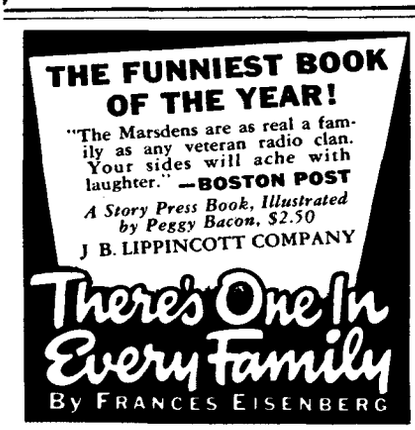
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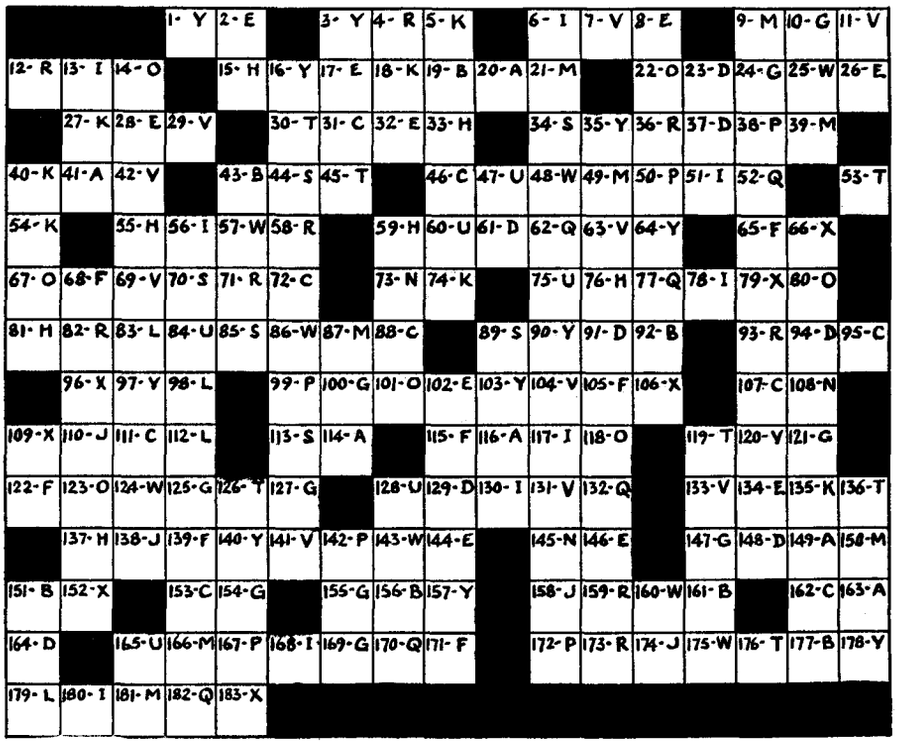
Double-Crostics: No. 385

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 10 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Italian painters, father and son (1702-1813).
B. Frequency.
C. By a short cut (colloq.; comp.)
D. Meddler (colloq.)
E. Interpretation of myths as based on real historical facts.
F. One who is rejected.
G. Former name of Australia (17th century).
H. American novelist (1837-1920).
I. Make loose.
J. Page in *Love's Labour's Lost.*
K. English prince paladin of Charlemagne celebrated for magic doings.
L. Make dent in.
M. Extravagance; wastefulness.
N. Traditional plays peculiar to Japan.
O. Thingumbobs (colloq.)
P. Occurrences.
Q. Exclamation of cheerful assent.
R. Trim; orderly.
S. Son of Tobit.
T. Elaine's home ("Morte d'Arthur").
U. Owner of famous vineyard (Bib.)
V. Fix a boundary to what one will do or tolerate (3 wds.)
W. Implicates, complicates.
X. State of belonging to present hour.
Y. Defeat (vb.; colloq.; 3 wds.)

WORDS

A.	20	114	41	149	163	116				
B.	156	177	151	43	19	92	161			
C.	46	111	153	95	72	31	107	162	88	
D.	37	94	23	148	91	61	164	129		
E.	2	102	28	146	17	26	144	134	8	32
F.	65	115	122	68	139	171	105			
G.	155	169	127	100	24	147	125	10	154	121
H.	15	81	137	76	55	59	33			
I.	130	51	168	56	78	6	180	13	117	
J.	158	110	174	138						
K.	40	18	27	54	135	74	5			
L.	98	83	179	112						
M.	166	87	39	150	9	181	21	49		
N.	108	73	145							
O.	14	123	101	118	22	80	67			
P.	38	141	50	167	99	172				
Q.	170	62	77	132	52	182				
R.	36	4	159	71	12	93	173	82	58	
S.	113	44	34	85	70	89				
T.	119	176	45	126	136	30	53			
U.	84	60	75	47	128	165				
V.	42	69	7	133	131	104	29	63	11	120	141
W.	175	48	25	86	124	57	143	160			
X.	183	86	109	66	79	106	152				
Y.	103	90	140	178	3	35	64	97	16	157	1

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TRADE WINDS

THERE'S rejoicing at Harcourt, Brace these days for they are celebrating the twenty-first anniversary of their publication of Stephen W. Meader's series of adventure stories. Meader is probably one of the oldest authors in the Harcourt, Brace menage in point of service, for his first book, "The Black Buccaneer," came off the presses a year after the firm was founded. Now there are fourteen titles on the publisher's list with a new one, "Blueberry Mountain," due in the early fall.

★ ★

☞The adventure stories of Meader have apparently hit home with boys and girls; the total sales of his books have reached the substantial figure of 130,000 copies with the aforementioned first yarn still selling at the rate of 1,000 copies per year. The professional activities of the author are centered in the advertising firm of N. W. Ayer and Sons in Philadelphia; what with a wife and four children—two boys and two girls—Stephen W. Meader's industry and skill are a source of wonderment and source of jubilation to his publisher and his readers.

★ ★

☞It is with a feeling of reverence that we call attention to a new Random House imprint, "The Complete Poetry and Selected Prose of John Donne and the Complete Poetry of William Blake." The texts are from the Nonesuch Press Editions and the introduction by Robert Silliman Hillyer. This compact, one-volume edition is a superb job of typography and format, but Mr. Hillyer's introduction, as a piece of critical appraisal of these two extraordinary English poets, merits publication by itself. Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, Harvard University, Mr. Hillyer apprises us of the considerable influence Donne and Blake have upon the thought of today.

★ ★

☞"They both exercise," concludes Mr. Hillyer in his introduction, "though in such differing terms, the illusions of stupidity, greed, and cynicism from which we have fashioned the realm of our sorrow. They are two voices from another country concerning whose existence, now as never before, we need the assurance of the inspired and the wise."

★ ★

☞A friend and valued contributor of the *Review* is Private Louis J. Halle, Jr. In recognition of his talents as an ornithologist, Draftee Halle has been transferred from the Medical Service at Fort Bragg to the Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth, where he will work with the Army's carrier pigeons and falcons. Mr. Halle, as our readers will recall, recently published his "River of Ruins," an account of his archaeological and ornithological explorations in Central America. His previous book "Birds Against Men" was awarded the medal of the John Burroughs Association last April.

★ ★

☞The Pamphlet Distributing Co., New York, is a small publishing enterprise, which, we believe, is doing some highly important work in early American literature. In addition to publishing *The Pamphleteer* each month, they have now embarked on a series of publications of considerable research value. The first of these is "Index to Early American Periodical Literature, 1728-1870." The compilation of an index of this kind was first suggested by Professor Oscar Cargill, of New York University, back in 1934, and with a large staff of WPA workers he commenced work on the project. After five years it was transfered to the N. Y. U. Library. The Index covers the careers of 339 periodicals. Few of the titles appear in "Poole's Index" and four do not appear in the "Union List of Serials." The second part of the Index Series will be Edgar Allan Poe's literary activities as represented in the early magazines. The third will be that of Walt Whitman.

★ ★

☞The "V" campaign is driving the lads who put out *The Pleasures of Publishing,* the breezy, informative news sheet of Columbia University Press, "absolutely nuts," as they quaintly put it. They tell of a refugee German sausage manufacturer who is producing "endless strings or chains" of this succulent food in which one normal sausage is preceded by three smaller ones.

★ ★

☞We are looking forward with interest to Howard Haycraft's "Murder for Pleasure." This diligent "Baker Street Irregular" has been working for some time on this book, which throws light on every facet of the detective story as a literary form. In fact, Mr. Haycraft even includes a chapter on the pitiful status of the detective story in a totalitarian state. This really ought to be something, for the job of any Gestapo agent is a simple one. He rounds up the poor criminal who has been listening to a foreign broadcast and immediately uses the brass knuckles. It's all very elementary.

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

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